

The World.

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LONG'S DAILY CARTOON.

DEWEY'S RIVAL.



Mark Twain says he is a candidate for President. It will make Dewey's boom look like thirty cents.

HOW CAN DEMOCRATS WIN?

THE Democratic party is sure to win," said Mr. William J. Bryan in an interview yesterday.

In New York State four years ago the Republicans won by nearly 289,000 plurality. There certainly does not seem to be very much encouragement for the Democrats in those figures. Ohio was carried by the Republicans by very nearly 48,000 plurality. It will require a great overturning in the Buckeye State for Bryan to win there. Indiana was carried by the Republicans by about 18,000 plurality, while Nebraska, Bryan's own State, was carried by only 14,000 Democratic plurality. There is really quite as good a chance for the Republicans to carry Nebraska as for the Democrats to carry Indiana.

McKinley's vote in the Electoral College was 260 and Bryan's 174. What States carried by McKinley four years ago can Bryan carry in November next? That is the question. If Mr. Bryan knows, or if any of his friends are gifted with omniscience, they should let the public into their secret.

OF THE COST OF WAR.

WAR, according to Andrew Carnegie, is too costly a business to indulge in merely to collect \$50,000 from Turkey.

It is not altogether likely that we shall fight Turkey. But if we do it will not be for \$50,000. It will be for the principle that American citizens must be safe wherever they go with peaceful intent.

Very different, such a war, from that being waged in the Philippines, which not only costs us lives and dollars but is carried on at the expense of the Republic's foundation idea.

MILLINERY AND PROSPERITY.

A WRITER for McClure's Magazine has been at pains to discover that the importations of foreign bonnets and millinery to the United States for the year 1899 amounted to \$2,644,000.

This was an increase of \$400,000 over 1898 and of \$533,000 over 1897.

Millinery's headgear thus appears as a sort of index of the country's rising tide of prosperity.

Literally the American girl carries a feather in her hat for the commercial and industrial triumphs of the land that loves her.

A COURT IN THE OPEN.

THE City Magistrate in Queens Borough who, being dispossessed of his court-room, had to hold a session in the open air, was not at all a loser.

He enjoyed, for one thing, the blessings of ventilation as does no other judge on any New York bench; for in all our city homes of law the atmosphere is a standing offender in contempt of court.

The open-air session ought to have been good for the prisoner of the day, too, since his surroundings should have impressed upon the Magistrate the truth that justice should always be broad as all outdoors.

PRINTERS AND A FARM.

A CALF, a pig and a hen form queer features of an exhibition of printers' devices. But as shown at the Typographical Exposition in this city they are living evidences of an industrial idea which may some day be worked to a more general application.

These live-stock exhibits are fresh from the farm where "Big G" maintains in healthful employment—and profitable too—such of its printer members as find their regular services temporarily out of demand or themselves unable to work. This farm is at Bound Brook, N. J. The venture it represents is conducted with all the intelligence to be expected of craftsmen whose art has advanced as shown at the Exposition.

Napoleon died at St. Helena seventy-nine years ago to-morrow. What a different lot of ghosts Cromwell and the same too tight little island!

Gerry has induced Gardner. The missing link and the missing Gerry are still on the lists of the

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Advice to a Girl Who Seeks Work.



LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

DEAR MADAM: What I wish to know is if you can tell me how to earn a respectable living.

I have been for months seeking employment have walked the streets of New York day after day going to business houses that have advertised. I have answered advertisements in papers by the dozen. I have applied to different agencies that claim to help girls to secure positions and I have put ads. in the papers. Still I can get nothing to do and am thoroughly discouraged and weary.

As a last effort I write to you in the hope that you may be able to suggest something that I have not already tried.

I can do general office work, take charge of correspondence, cashier's position, or as secretary, prove satisfactory I am certain.

No one seems willing or in a position to assist me. Mine may be an oft-repeated story to you, but I do sincerely hope that you can give me a word of good advice.

There is one kind of employment which you seem to have overlooked and which opens its arms eagerly to young women who are willing to work, and that is housework.

I know that the very word and the idea are horrible to many a young girl who aspires to higher positions. But let her look the thought squarely in the face, and by the light of cool, calm reason she will find after careful contemplation that it will lose much of its terrors.

Indeed, there are many choice places. The life of an upstairs girl is not arduous. A good roof covers you, good food and plenty of it are yours for the eating, and, best of all, you can earn a very good wage. Why not try something of the kind, diligently keeping up the writing and advertising for what you require in the mean time?

Your evenings are your own and you will have a particular afternoon, at least every other week, to call in person upon those who have answered your letters favorably.

Most of the business houses have hundreds of applicants upon their books who are waiting for the first vacancy.

If one is obliged to work for one's bread and the need of ready money is pressing, why stand back upon the kind of employment you accept to life over the need of the present, as long as it is respectable?

I advise you most earnestly to take just one month of your life in giving it a trial.

As for the chances of marrying, it is strange but true that many of the loveliest and brightest salesladies, bookkeepers and women employed in factories or stores go unwedded to the grave. But what family has ever yet been able to keep a bright, attractive maid over a year or two as some nice young man came along and wooed and won her for his bride?

I wonder that bright, attractive girls do not realize this more clearly.

Do try my suggestion.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Earrings Again.

JEWELLERS are announcing the return of earrings and are showing some very bizarre designs to Egyptian and old Italian effects which they say women are going to wear. This periodical announcement is made with great regularity. Women having outgrown the barbarism, however, show a commendable reluctance in justifying the prediction.

MERRY MOMENTS FOR EVENING WORLD READERS.

IT'S THE OLD, OLD STORY OVER AGAIN.



Before—Everything I have is yours, my ownest and my one object in life will be to gratify your every wish.

A STRONG POINT.

Mrs. Stubb—John, aren't you afraid the moths will get in your box of cigars? I would advise you to drop in a few camphor balls.

Mr. Stubb—Moths? Why, Maria, my cigars are not made of wool.

Mrs. Stubb—Well, John, they smell like wool when you smoke them.

ULTRA-SWELLS.

Mr. Stubb—We have swells as neighbors, Maria.

Mrs. Stubb—How do you know, John?

Mr. Stubb—They set their ashes out in empty champagne boxes.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.



Miss Strandstromp (half way up the shoulder of the Lagerbeim Alps)—Well, there, what funny seat they put in them furin parts. Very thoughtful of 'em to put one here, though. Down I goes—plumpt!



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A 20TH CENTURY PROPOSAL.



"Will you have me, Algy?"
"Well, to tell the truth, I cannot quite make up my mind."
"Surely such a little thing as that cannot take long!"

WATER CANNOT QUENCH THE FLAME OF LOVE.



Old Gent—I do wish "What—rain! Well, I wouldn't have thought it."

MEEKNESS PERSONIFIED.



Visitor—Why, Mr. Henpeck, what are you doing in top of that wardrobe?
Mr. Henpeck—Don't you see, we have great house-cleaning, and my wife put me up here temporarily—Pleasende Bluetter.

NO DELINQUENCY THERE.
"Are you not bothered here sometimes?" inquired the truant officer, "with delinquent children?"
"No," fiercely replied the janitor of the apartment house. "We are bothered with redundant children!"

A GROUND FOR SUSPICION.



Visitor—I suppose I may congratulate you?
Her Friend—Well, I have become engaged to Mr. Lightpore, our boarder, but I am greatly troubled with doubts as to his true sentiments.

Visitor—How is that, if I may ask?

Friend—You see, he owes mother for six months' board!

THE DAY'S LOVE STORY.

HELEN'S SAD MISTAKE.

"HE will soon be here," said Helen Osgood to herself. She picked up a book, intending to finish reading it while waiting. Helen had been keeping company with Arthur Holis for two years, and every Thursday evening he came to see her.



THEN YOU DO LOVE ME?

She hastened to the door, and was surprised when she opened it that Arthur did not come in as usual.

"I am very sorry, Helen, but I cannot spend the evening with you as I intended. Just as I was about to start I received a letter which I must attend to without fail."

"But you will go to the concert to-morrow night. I hope," said Helen.

"Oh, yes," said Arthur. "If nothing happens I will surely go." As he spoke he took out his watch and remarked: "I will lose my train; it is due in ten minutes. Good-by, Helen," and when he saw that she did not answer he stooped and softly kissed her.

She threw a light glance over her shoulder and walked out to the front gate to see if he was in sight. She stayed there so long that when she started toward the house she was so chilled she could scarce walk. She went up the path very slowly, and by the pale moonlight saw a letter. She picked it up and took it to the house with her. After she had lighted a lamp, she took the letter from the envelope and said:

"My Darling Arthur! It is two years since I left you, but I will be back on the 6:10 train to-night. Do not fail to be there. My heart aches to see you. My love for you is—"

Helen could read no more and remembered nothing until the next morning. When she awoke a nurse was standing near her bed bathing her head.

"Oh! How lovely the sun is, and how sweetly the birds sing!" said Helen; "but what makes my head feel so queer?"

"Be quiet," said the nurse, tenderly, "and do not try to talk; try to sleep a little."

Helen was soon sleeping, but in a very restless manner. At times she would say: "He does not love me! He has another sweetheart! Arthur, why don't you come to me?" And at times she would say things about trains and letters.

For many days she lay in this strange condition. At last came the day when she was pronounced out of danger and Arthur was permitted to see her.

"What frightened you Helen, the night I left you?" asked Arthur. "You were found lying on the floor."

Then Helen told him about the letter, and that she forgot everything until the next morning, when the nurse told her she was ill.

Arthur left the room and came back in a few moments with a young lady whom he introduced as his sister. He then told Helen that he went to the school for his sister and he wanted it for a surprise when they went to the concert the next evening.

"Then you do love me? And you really did not have any other sweetheart?" exclaimed Helen in surprise.

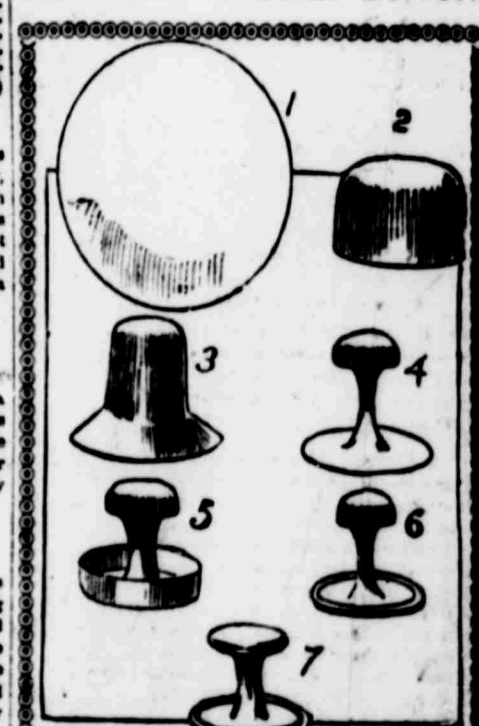
"I have something to ask you, Helen," said Arthur, "and I have been waiting for a long time. Will you be Mrs. Holis in the Spring when you are strong and well? Are you willing?"

Her only answer was a smile, but as he stooped to kiss her she whispered: "Do not tell your sister of my foolish mistake!" and he promised.

DON'TS FOR BOOK LOVERS.

DON'T borrow books from private libraries. DON'T lend books. No one will treat your books as you yourself do if you love them. DON'T leave a book "face down." I a, ops. DON'T shut a book up with anything bigger than a narrow ribbon in it. DON'T turn down corners. DON'T mark a book in any way unless it's your own. DON'T scorn cheap books if you cannot afford better publications. DON'T buy cheap books if you can afford better ones. DON'T keep books on open shelves if you can avoid it. DON'T forget that bookcases with dust-proof glass doors are best. DON'T forget that good books are the best company in the world if read understandingly and appreciatively.

MAKING A COLLAR BUTTON.



In the first stage of the manufacture of a snap-piece collar button there is a circular stamped out of a strip of metal. Being fed into several machines, it at length gets into the third form like a grand father's hat.

Rapid blows, and many of them from powerful hammers bring it to the fourth step. Then a machine turns up its edge. Still another rolls it over. Then its head is put into shape. Last comes the finishing.

How seldom do we stop to think of the tools and energy that go into every thing that we use.

LETTERS TO THE EVENING WORLD.

Youngest Child's Woes.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am the youngest of five children. Our parents are in comfortable but limited circumstances. Now, whenever any amusement or treat of any sort is on foot it is captured by one of the elder children. It is the same way with clothes. As the youngest I must wear their made-over garments. It is unfair and wrong and I ask readers' advice. I'd as soon be a slave as the youngest of a large family. I. J. D.

Another Push-Cart Complaint.

To the Editor of The Evening World: On last Saturday afternoon two men were crossing Canal and Varick streets with a push cart, when a loafer on a truck came along and drove his horse almost over the men for no reason. When one of the men asked him where he was going the truck driver used the vilest of language. Print this so he may know what I think of him. ONE WHO SAW IT.

A Real Grievance.

To the Editor of The Evening World: With all the inventions and labor-saving apparatus of the century we have not yet learned the first thing about handling a crowd. Look at the ferries and bridges and "L" trains at rush hours. They are jammed, and passengers by the thousand suffer grave discomfort. Some simple rule of larger cars and boats, more frequent transportation, or some equally simple device would eradicate this abomination. Now why not pause in the invention of silly electrical and other contrivances and attend to this far more serious matter? MELBOURNE KARL.

For a New State.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Some time ago the idea was agitated to cut off Greater New York State and Long Islands and form them into a separate State under the title of Manhattan. This would be the banner State of the whole Union. Yet it has not been done. It would save us from foolish hazy legislation, would give us home rule, and would give the flag a new star of greater magnitude than all its fellows. Agitate this idea, everybody. JAMES K. BRADY.

WOMAN'S DRESS DURING VICTORIA'S REIGN.



During the eighty years of Queen Victoria's life alone feminine fashions have undergone a myriad transformations. While the recital of all of these would fill many books, yet it is of interest to note briefly a few of the most striking departures, as noted in "The Dressmaker's Record," from which the accompanying pictures are reproduced.

At the beginning of the century ready-made dresses



or underwear for women were unheard of. Ready-made men's clothes had only been in vogue a few years. For the first few years of the nineteenth century white muslin and straw hats were universally worn by the better class of women, both in winter and summer. About the time of Queen Victoria's birth (1818) a new era set in. The classic form of dress (directoire

sugar-loaf order, with brims like umbrellas. Between 1830 and 1840 there was another marked change. Skirts were wider and much longer. By means of hoops and other devices they were made to stand out. A small waist was of first importance. The round bodice became pointed. Sleeves first grew balloon-like; then shrunk. Lace mittens alternated with gloves. From 1850 to 1860 feminine dress reached the same

of ugliness. Crinolines became the rage. Enormous skirts were stretched out by it into utter shapelessness. Mantles and shawls were worn extensively. The finest figure was thus muffled and hidden. Gradually the crinoline went out of date, and the early sixties ushered in the narrower skirt and polonaise. Gores were introduced and skirts took on a more becoming cut.

In the seventies the quaint but pretty Dolly Varden fashions appeared. Then the ever-narrowing skirt found its climax in the extreme "pin-back." Soon afterward the becoming Princess gown grew popular. The bustle, the balloon sleeve and a hundred other changes came and went, resulting at last in the costume of the present day, which competent judges declare the prettiest in all the history of woman's dress.